

Do You Know Where Their Children Are

Aus-Rotten

Do you know where their children are?...Do you care?

They're withering away on desert plains

Rotting flesh in withering pain

Sickle skeletons who sleep in piss

Covered in flies and fucking shit

Do you care?

They're quarantined by barbed wire fence

Filled with disease and massive stench

There is no shelter they sleep on stone

They watch each other turn to bone

Do you care?

They're retarded zombies in huddled mass

Left to rot like fucking trash

Attention drops as bodies mount

Too many victims to fucking count...

Do you care?

They're withering away on desert plains

Rotting flesh in withering pain

Sickly skeletons who sleep in piss

No human beings should have to live like this

Yet you know where their children are,

You see the pain and the suffering from your lavishly furnished
materialistic shithole

You cry crocodile tears for the poor wretched children

That inhabit the two-

minute time slot between your favorite sitcoms

That seem to make everything better

Who should you care, after all, they're not your children...for
now!